BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

By

F. D. VAN AMBURGH

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Theresa Billes

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

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TO
MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS

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"By the Side of the Road" is a bound volume of some of the articles that have appeared in *The Silent Partner* (a little magazine of inspiration and human interest, published at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York), together with several heretofore unpublished articles written by the editor of *The Silent Partner,* Mr. Van Amburgh.

A sample copy of *The Silent Partner,* the little magazine of good cheer and good will, will be mailed *free* on request.

FOREWORD

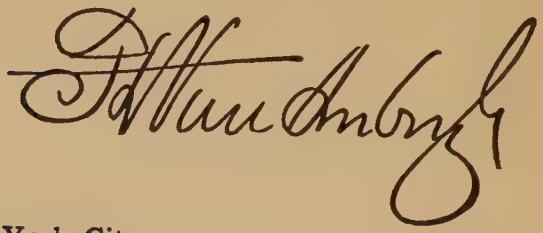
IN writing this little effort, "By the Side of the Road," I have hoped to bring back the sunbeams of the South, the snow-caps of the North, the teeming marts of the crowded East, and the great hills of the vast Alone.

I have tried to make the work bigger and broader than any single street, tried to touch the octaves in human activities and the lost chord in human hearts.

Briefly, I have tried to give expression to thoughts that will work out in everyday life — thoughts that will help humans to help themselves.

I have tried to tell all this in a simple way — tried to have the energy of thought take the place of beauty of language.

And at last the book is bound — bound in the lavender thought of good will, and affectionately dedicated to my faithful friends.



New York City,
1916.

DECEMBER

Years are not the things that count. Old men are young at sixty-five; young men are old at forty.

The moment a man acquiesces in the thought that he is old in age, that moment he begins to get ancient in ambition. Many men with wrinkled skin have a soul as smooth as velvet.

Desert your ideals, and you will grow old. Fear yourself and fear others, and life naturally is not worth living. It is a form of slavery, and sufficiently disappointing to make any man grow old.

So long as you keep the central fires of love and affection burning, just so long will life hold for you that lure, that unfailing youthful appetite for more.

Man is as young as his love and as old as his lonesomeness. Keep the old fire burning.

This is the season when I would brush away the drifted snows of adversity, and let the tendrils of your better self get the sunshine of life.

DECEMBER is the month that should bring sunshine into your soul; for it is the season of sentiment, the period of our higher thoughts. December gives us the greatest day in all the year — Christmas Day.

Christmas comes in cold December, when the frigid breath of the night freezes the crystal to the thorn like a mourner's tear, that in turn becomes a glistening emblem of youth and hope in the morning light.

December is not of the day: it's in the heart. Christmas is not of the calendar: it's in the soul.

If I were asked to interpret the true spirit of Christmas, I would sit down here by the side of the road and call for the help of a little child.

Though my heart is aflame at the moment with the spirit of Christmas, it cannot hope

to hold that simplicity known to a child only. And this simplicity is the true Christmas spirit — Christ in a cattle-bed.

If it were possible for me to raise the rod of universal power, I would, with one imperial, kingly gesture, so cluster the stars in the heavens that they would spell out the words, "Peace on earth."

I would bring to the world, at this hour, happiness by affection, and not hell by affliction.

Without a navy, without an army, or even a church, I would march men past the problems of life, up where they could hear the echoes and the reëchoes of eternal truth. I would take you, dear friend, with me, away from the cold, commercial world, up on the hill where the sun of your own conscience might shine and gild the way for the less fortunate ones. I would not preach, for I am one of those "faithful failures"; I would not teach, for I have yet to learn. Sitting by the side of the road with you and talking with you "man to man," I would speak of Christmas in particular, because this is the one season that reaches the inner chamber of a man's soul; and this is what I am after — the inside lining of your heart.

It is at this particular season — Christmas time — that the greater emotions in the hu-

man heart find their way to the world. And still, what seems so very strange to me is that no man can tell why we celebrate this particular season at this particular hour, and found his telling upon indubitable evidence. Strange, isn't it, that so incomparable an event as the birth of Christ should be actually lost as to definite date, and at a time when Seneca said: "Crime is no more a secret, but stalks before the eyes of man; innocence is not rare, but does not exist at all." This was the time that Jesus was born; but the exact hour, the exact day of His birth, the time when the infant King was born in Bethlehem, no man knows. Some said it was April 20th, others declared it was May 20th, while many set the sacred date for January 6th; but no man knows.

If you will grant me, as we sit here by the side of the road, the license of historical poetry, I will refer you to the accepted season when "the grass and herbs were commanded to come forth"— when "the days and nights were of equal length"; and we all know that this particular date must have been March 25th as of the modern calendar.

Accepting this date as a foundation for creation —"a time when the glorious light sprang out of darkness"— we are reasoned into the conclusion that it was probably on

this date that the power of the Almighty overshadowed Mary and "Dayspring from on high" entered the world. And here again the pretty poem of reasoning carries the mind forward nine months to December 25th — Christmas Day.

We have established, at least to my satisfaction, the date of the birth of the King of kings; and now I ask you, Why is it that we call Him the "Sun of righteousness"? Perhaps it is because ancient people celebrated the day when "the world's darkness begins to lessen," and this day we hold to be this same wonderful day — Christmas Day. And perhaps here you have the reason for that wonderful title — the "Sun of righteousness."

And now that we seem to have found some facts of interest, let us trace what prompts the spirit of giving at Christmas time. We all know the first Christmas gift was God's only-begotten Son, and He was given "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." But it was not until three hundred years later that the followers of Christ began to celebrate Christmas, and to attach to this wonderful day many pagan ideas and customs.

Before Christ came, Egyptian youths were bringing branches and palms to Horus; Persians were singing the birth of Mithra; the

Hindoos were shouting their praise of Vishnu; friends and relatives were exchanging gifts of great value, and so great were the values of these gifts that they often bankrupted the givers; and here you have what I have referred to as one of the pagan ideas of the spirit of Christmas.

And while we are on this pagan subject — the idea of heathen worship — let me tell you of the druids of old, who made wreaths of mistletoe, with which they crowned their priests, and with which they decked their sacrificial altars. And even the heathen man of to-day feels that he has a perfect right to kiss a maid while under the mistletoe. Of course the mistletoe cannot be associated with Christmas in any way save in the manner of sweet giving.

And there are so many more things, like the history of the holly — the holly that grows so slowly and lives to be so very old. It is supposed that the crimson berries were white at one time, and that they were dyed with the blood of Christ. The Danes have a tradition that holly leaves were a part of the crown of our crucified Lord, and that when they were placed upon His head they turned to thorns.

There are so many legends concerning the natal day of our Saviour that I am embar-

rassed by the wealth of yuletide lore that merits narration; but I must tell you the legend concerning Christmas cards. It appears that the present-day custom of sending Christmas cards is but the continued habit of the people who made pilgrimages to the temple or to the shrine where the skulls of the three Wise Men repose, and many today believe this shrine to be under the cathedral at Cologne. At this resting place, people would write their impressions; hence the Christmas cards.

And while we are sitting here, by the side of the road, I want to point you to the spruce tree that you see over there, not far away. Well, right near that spruce tree, I am told, was another little spruce tree. Not long ago, one December day, a towering oak said to the little spruce tree, "You are too small to be of any earthly use." And the little spruce tree wept, and its tears hardened into clear, round drops, which we call gum. The next day a boy chopped down the little spruce tree and took it home for Christmas, and now we know why the little folks like the little spruce tree.

But the story of the yule log always interested me, therefore I want to tell you of what was a memorably happy event in the more or less commonplace existence of the long ago, and this was the cutting, trimming, and

placing on the fire of the yule log. Even the smaller children were employed in helping to carry this great log to the fire, for fear of its touching the floor. From a remaining brand of the yule log the next year's log was lighted, and in this manner good luck, good fortune, was carried from year to year. Should the yule log fail to burn until morning, the omen was very bad.

When I was a small boy I often read the story of the great goddess Hertha, who lived in the centuries that have passed — how Hertha came down the chimney instead of through the door, and how all the members of the family would gather together in the big front room and wait for Hertha to descend through the smoke of the old chimney — wait for Hertha to tell fortunes to them before a great altar of flat stones, erected in the center of the room. And here we have, in the history of Hertha, a part of the childhood fabric of Santa Claus. And I told you in the beginning that "if I were asked to interpret the true spirit of Christmas, I would call for the help of a little child."

Human nature is the same today as it was centuries ago; and I want you, if you can, to turn back the hands on the dial of time and, in imagination, journey with me to Egypt in the company of the fleeing Holy Family. I

want you to see, in your mind's eye, Mary seeking shelter in a cave, hiding from the soldiers of Herod; and while she and her babe are sheltered by the great rocks, a spider spins its web over the entrance of the cave, and the soldiers of the king are persuaded to move on. The next day Mary journeys farther, and as she passes a wheat field this wonderful Madonna drops a coin given her by Melchior, and immediately a wheat field springs into full head. The pursuing soldiers of Herod inquire if any fugitives have passed this way, and a man replies: "Not since the field was sown." And again the soldiers go on their way.

How many beautiful legends linger in the mind at Christmas time! And do you realize that the happiest hours that we have are those when our thoughts dwell on the past? Perhaps this is why we see that halo over yesterday. Perhaps this is why all the sweetest songs in my heart blend with the golden-tongued bells at Christmas time. It is at Christmas time that I also find the thorns on the roses of remembrance pressing down on my heart and leaving me with that unnamable, poignant loneliness; and perhaps this is why I want to talk with you here, by the side of the road.

I want Christmas to come, and you like to

have Christmas come. But we both like to have it go.

The warm grate cheers my cold body; the cold spring waters of earth allay my thirst; the food that is given me satisfies my hunger; but there is an empty chair in the home, back there, that the world and its wealth cannot fill. And it is said that this unnamable loneliness is the price we pay for once having with us that wonderful woman — mother.

I might strike here every note on the keyboard of life, but it was not my purpose, when we sat down here, by the side of the road, to wound you. My object is to make you happy. God loans to man a fragment from the quarry of time, a handful of days, the interlude of a short life; but Christmas is the only day that brings before the mind the real grayness of it all — the one time when the memory of the irreparable loss of the unforgotten dead — a saintly mother, a loyal wife, a promising son, a devoted daughter — is as a spear-thrust that wellnigh stops the heart's pulsations.

On the trail, I find it a good plan to step out of my way to hold a lantern, to help look for a lost horseshoe, to be of some service to a stranger.

I never go so far away from home that I don't have to come back, and then the conditions are reversed. My horse has been known to throw a shoe, my tire occasionally gets punctured.

It's a long road that doesn't lead back.

I would do a favor for a man if for no other than a selfish reason.

CREDIT

Efficiency is anything that gets good results. Efficiency is not paralysis, apoplexy, palsy. It is health, happiness, work.

The rudderless, water-logged derelicts that float about the town nights unnerve and unman themselves — leave their efficiency where they leave their money.

To get and hold business today is to display mental, moral and physical power — a fairly good definition of "efficiency."

I would rather see a man's savings-bank book than read his certificate of character. The certificate can give him more credit than he deserves, but the bank — never!

THERE is no great secret about making a success in life so far as money is concerned. The secret lies in getting started early — practicing thrift from the beginning, supplementing this habit with the faculty for capitalizing the great moment of opportunity when it comes along, and then working like all get out.

We often hear a fellow say what he would do if he were only rich. His very inclination to spend money is the very thing that is holding him back.

Most persons will be surprised to learn that wealthy men keep a sharp lookout on their personal expenses — a closer watch than do men of more moderate means. This practice gives the man of money a review each day of the very scheme of life that made him successful. It keeps him in constant touch

with the very forces that contributed to his progress. It strengthens the basic habit of thrift.

Often it is necessary for a business man to borrow money to carry on an enterprise, but borrowing for such a purpose is far different from borrowing to keep up appearances. One is an essential, the other is extravagance. It is the duty of every one to live within his income — to live sufficiently frugally to enable him gradually to accumulate a small reserve fund. There are few men who cannot do this if they will; and no one will deny that the small savings that represent self-denial are the pillars of personal prosperity. Debt is anxiety, misery. It's a curse. Debt is slavery. It makes you doubt yourself, particularly when your thralldom is the result of your own extravagant acts.

Debt is a dragon, a demon, a devil. It incites honest men to do dishonest things.

Credit is man's one great asset. He can move it without cost, and at will. Credit can be carried in the vest pocket from one country to another, without duty, or left at home, without cost or rent or insurance. Credit can be transmitted to posterity without being subject to an inheritance tax. Credit can be transferred to help another fellow, without formality or without show. Thieves cannot

steal credit. Fires and flood cannot destroy it. It is the most permanent form of wealth, and can be lost in a moment. Credit is more than cash on hand: it is character.

Who would destroy the belief of a mother? Who would challenge the truth of a religion? Who would believe that life is but a bubble; that we are here for a moment, and then vanish into nothingness? Who would be inappreciative of the unapproachable glory of the heavens, the boundless beauties of nature? Who would suppress human hopes, that leap like angels from the human heart? Who would, in the absence of a better book, question the spiritual supremacy of the Bible?

LET'S GO BACK

Pessimists are either disappointed in love, disappointed in marriage or disappointed with themselves.

Yes! This is genuine grief, for even the sacred mound seems to speak.

LET'S go back, you and I, over the trail of years and review the scenes of our boyhood days. Let's go down the hill to the old spring, and lean over the cold rocks, and quench our thirst of memory — back where fond recollections present the meadow, the orchard and the deep-tangled wildwood.

Let's go into the old "living-room" of the tumble-down home of the Long Ago. In imagination let's bring Mother back again, and have her here — back from the deep, long silence. Let's have her rock us to sleep again. "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight; make me a child again just for to-night."

In the purple glory of our well-filled lives, let you and I have a little talk with Mother once again. How willingly we would trade the emptiness of enterprise, our mockery of

money, for the privilege of a little talk with Mother again.

When the fretful gestures of life drew near, when a deep sorrow cast its shadow across the path of my dear old mother, how well I remember her ways of finding consolation! And often, in my wicked moments, my memory flies to the peace that does not depend on the approval of the world — a peace that I cannot impart to you.

Now take one searching backward look at that old wood-colored cottage, and then come with me to a low-sunk grave — the grave of the dearest soul that ever lived — your mother. Here she lies so lonely.

Stand here, my man, until the echoes of her voice seem to return. They are sermons no tongue can teach, sentiments no heart can reach.

KNOW THYSELF

The salesman is the man who sells. Any other definition of a salesman is counterfeit. Some men on the road earn a reputation, but not for selling. Some traveling men insist on telling you of their personal pedigree; but these men are peddlers, not salesmen.

The business barometer of some salesmen is influenced by the atmosphere of the night before.

Other salesmen are such poor judges of distance that they will travel right past a good town, to find that beauty is only skin deep.

Sitting in the hotel lobby at night, and talking long and loud, burning up big black cigars, and a lot of energy, pumping hot air into a crowd of loafers that are already punctured, will never get you an order in a hundred years.

The real salesman is the quiet, mild-mannered man who slips in, sells you, and then slips out. He does not deceive you, but he compels you, by his conscientious purpose, to like him. And when you like a salesman you are not averse to trading with him, and if this salesman slips in and sells you again, you need have no doubts that you have met a salesman.

Don't take the author of any book too seriously. Take yourself out on the woodpile and whittle away on these two words — the wisest words ever uttered: "Know thyself."

THE fear of things, the fright at people, the loss of self-confidence, are binding many a man hand and foot. There are books, blue-prints, charts, wise and otherwise authors who are in possession of the secrets that put "backbone" in men after they are born. But all of these inconsistent ideas have always seemed to me like cast-iron rules — easy to break.

My suggestion is to read inspirational writings, rather than adopt the plans of inspired authors. Use your head and not their "how." Every man knows enough when he thinks of it. The trouble is, he doesn't always think of it. This book will try to help you think of it.

The rhinoceros is a genus of the undulate mammals, and his thick rind has nothing on

the genus of the man-family who would teach the world the only way.

"By the Side of the Road" is to intensify your individual interest in success — merely to point in the direction of achievement. The book will not try to make a poor minister out of a natural-born plumber. It will not tell you of the one way, for that way may be closed for repairs, and a sign up: "Detour." You have health, common sense and the opportunity, for you live in America. All of the straight-edged advice this side of Hillshole will never get you going right unless you work it out yourself and in your own way.

The author of a good book may help you, the editor of a well-thought-out magazine may suggest ideas that will start up your think-tank; but to know yourself is your knowledge, and not the author's, and this is probably the only knowledge you will be able to apply successfully.

Given two words in which to convey to the world my most sincere, and perhaps my most practical suggestion for success, and these words would be my choice: "Know thyself." Given a second choice for a suggestion on individual success, and these are the two words I would employ: "Help thyself."

THRIFT

Give a man character, and he will win moral confidence.

Loan him courage, and he will command commercial credit.

Give him energy, and enterprises will call for him.

Grant him perseverance, and trade will come to him.

Add to these essentials initiative, and you distinguish the man from a machine — from most men.

There are three classes of workers: One class must always be told, then shown, and then told again. The second class expect to be told once at least. The third class have initiative. They go ahead and do the right thing at the right time without being told, and this is initiative.

Every organization has plenty of individuals who are morally and physically competent.

Initiative is a mental factor in success. We are all paid for our proficiency by the individual with initiative.

The Temple of Thrift should stand on the campus at the left of the college and at the right of the chapel.

ON my desk lies a line-drawing —a picture of a provident man descending the stone steps of a savings bank. Evidently this man is of middle age, of moderate means, healthy and honest. His head is erect, his shoulders square, and his general appearance indicates individual worth. The suggestion in this picture is that this man has just left a certain sum in the savings bank.

At the foot of the stone steps, and in the shelter of the great granite pillar, stands a cringing, half-clad, pitifully poor man. His eyes stare, his face is haggard, and he looks cold and hungry. Poverty has snuffed out every spark of success in this man, and made him desperate. He is a rudderless, hopeless, helpless derelict.

And the interesting part of this situation is that both men started out in early life with

equal advantages; both men came from the same little town.

One began to save, and the other began to spend. Both, for a time, earned the same salary.

Finally the spender was compelled to dodge the tailor, the grocer and the butcher. Eventually this man began to lose self-confidence, later he lost his pride, and then he lost his position.

How he spent his money or where he spent it is not my point. He spent it, and that is enough.

The other man continually saved a little, and then a little more; and finally this habit of saving was permanently formed. Eventually this man placed a little money out at interest, and his money began to work for him. At last the man with the saving habit got what we call "comfortably off."

Now, friend reader, there is nothing sensational, nothing unreasonable, nothing uncommon in a man getting "comfortably off." Nor is there anything uncommon in a man going broke.

This picture is not overdrawn. It is not necessary to overdraw a picture of this character.

There are millions of men — clever men — who are mentally unfit, physically unclean,

and morally out of position, due to improvidence.

Money is the measure of food, of clothing, of the necessities of life; and the man who fails to look out for tomorrow is dishonest with himself, unfair to his family, and will eventually fail.

Saving is more than saving: it more often proves a saving grace.

Too much money, or too little money, is a sorry situation, that can only be successfully met by sensible men.

Give the average young man plenty of money to start with and you handicap him. Give a young man with ambition an opportunity, and then teach him to save money, and you have laid the foundation for a permanent success.

Success all depends on how you start. If you begin at the bottom and build on your profit, on what you save, you are creating a combination of character, capital and commercial worth that is of tremendous importance.

If you begin at the top of the ladder, without experience, but with plenty of inherited capital, make up your mind that sooner or later you will see the box where they mix the mortar.

Personal extravagance has encompassed more

defeats than anything I know of. Prudence points the way to prosperity.

The improvident, careless, reckless, thoughtless man is a personal failure, and a tax on others.

Show me the man with the "saving" habit, and I will point to you an honest man.

If the night courts and the day courts are crowded with men charged with all the crimes on the calendar, and if nine men out of ten in these courts are poverty-poor, broken in pocketbook, broken in spirit, what does this situation suggest?

Men are naturally honest. It is the spur of old Necessity, the poverty-prod of Want, that prompts men to take chances. Want and Necessity are not the natural offspring of habits of saving.

Poverty lashes a man to the wild horse of Don't-Care. Want whispers in the ear of a weakling and tells him to take a chance.

Money in the savings bank gives a man credit in a community — self-confidence.

Ownership multiplies the ambition for more. Poverty paralyzes purpose. I am invariably stronger with, than without, money.

The individual in an organization who is forever borrowing money is constantly exhibiting a lack of that something which made the boss a success.

The mind cannot work well fearing failure or seeing sickness and the dreaded doctor's bill. The mind, to do its best work, must be free from fretting and the frenzied attacks of want.

Take two men. Give them both an equal chance. Have one save money each week. Have the other spend all that he earns, and perhaps more. Which man will produce the better results?

The man who saves a little money each week also saves his energy. He comes to the store, to the plant, or goes out on the road, with his mind right and his body right.

The man who is compelled to rob a child's bank for car fare is committing no crime, but he is skating mighty close to a bad habit — robbing a bank.

Men are creatures of habit. They contract certain customs. They are apt to follow the line of least resistance, and to get in a groove, a rut. They keep on in the old jog-trot way until they get seasoned to failure.

The average parent gives a child a dime to spend and not to save. The child-mind accepts the money as a means of acquiring something to satisfy appetite or desire — toys or candy.

Generously, lovingly, and with the best intentions in the world, the parents face the child's mind in the wrong direction. The indulgent father and the loving mother furnish funds to satisfy an ever-increasing idea of wanting more and more expensive toys, more luxuries.

Finally the child grows into manhood or into womanhood, and the habit of spending, not of saving, grows correspondingly. Let me ask you in perfectly plain English, Who is to blame?

TO FORGET

The penalty that leadership and ownership exact is self-control and abstinence. The man who would succeed today must make up his mind to go through the most grilling kind of game. Competition of the modern type knows no quarter.

What a blessing it is to be able to forget!

AFTER all, the loftiest interpretation of life is to live in the truest way. The residue of all the wisdom furnished by the world; the dead-weight of all the years that are gone; the experience that seems so sure of its knowledge; the practical things in life that suggest such ingenious ideas for almost indefinite ends in success — all these things bring us back to the one great idea of being true to ourselves. And when we are true to ourselves, we find a wealth of meaning in what Shakespeare said: "This above all: To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." To my mind, the saddest spectacle is the man who is soured on the world. This get-back, get-even man will change the points of compass in an entire organization.

When a man sours on the world he is gone. He may have ever so much energy, a world of experience, good judgment — all this; but

he will fail just as surely as Adam ate the lemon.

He is unfitted mentally to meet and to beat a situation.

In this boundless night, where we poor beings move, grope about in darkness and lose our way, there is little excuse for harboring this spirit of revenge, of vindictiveness.

We all make mistakes, and it's a big man who can overlook them.

Few of us have any reason to strengthen our means of defense — this get-even spirit. All men seem to be able to look out for themselves as against others, and get back. But when this dull-finished picture of get-back revenge hangs too long before our eyes, we get warped as men.

THE OPTIMIST

Men become better by contemplating what is better. Reading of failure, listening to the details of a horrible crime, associating with morbid minds, will not help you.

No man can find inspiration, encouragement, while working in a sewer. All men can climb more vigorously when in a pure atmosphere — when surrounded by fields, woods, big men, and clean literature.

You despise, you distrust, you dislike the pessimist; and here lies the great danger.

WEBSTER defines optimism as "the doctrine that everything is ordered for the best."

Optimism is the old oracle who, according to the philosophy of the ancients, is supposed to give you the spoken word which commands success.

When a man tells you he is an optimist, believe him. He cannot offer better evidence of his lack of common sense.

An optimist is a wise old owl that sees only while the normal man sleeps. His golden dreams, his aëro hopes, transport him so far from the world of actuality that he is sure to have a rude awakening in the fools' paradise.

We have all paid for the optimistic partner, the optimistic stock seller. We have all given our confidence to the optimist who thinks he sees the gleam, the glitter, the colors in the

slender trail of sand that follow the crimp in the prospector's pan.

The optimist unhorsed is at best an unbusted broncho.

The optimist is the biggest pile of smoke that comes out of the stack of business success. He is the result of a fire — the result. He sees success in everything. You like him, and here lies the danger. You trust him.

You side-step the unpleasant, murky mortal, the pessimist, for the man who is wrong in the head. Your sentiment crosses wires with your common sense, and you pay the penalty when the power goes off and your lights go out — when success is stalled.

The grouch, the fellow with cold feet, never has, nor ever will have, much. He has no influence on my mind. He is just a live dead one.

It's this wild-eyed optimist who grabs for a straw and feels he has caught a St. Croix River raft of white pine — it's this buoyant boob who has always fooled me. This flushed-up, easily excited, exultant, optimistic outfielder will strut in front of the grand-stand before the game and then in the ninth inning miss the great chance.

After all, optimism is founded on the belief that "everything is ordered for the best," and this is the belief of the fatalist.

So you see, according to Webster, we have not always used this word in its proper place. Between the optimist, who feels that he is sailing in the safe channel, and the pessimist, who refuses to row — I say, between these two extremes in human nature we have the normal man.

Pale hands stole over the ivory keys; — a heart was heavy, and ill at ease. When a chord was struck of souls forgiven, a light burst through the gates of heaven.

HIS MOTHER

Self-respect demands that a man make money. Modern life calls for a lot of cash on hand, for what can a man do when but a day's march ahead of actual want?

The lack of credit, which implies the lack of cash, is the crushing-out process of desire to do.

With money, man has multiplied opportunities to make of himself and to help all humanity True, money has made men make mistakes, but the want of it has caused most all of the crimes.

This particular article has been widely circulated. It first appeared in "The Silent Partner" for February, 1916.

EACH of us holds in sacred remembrance a glorious mother. Some of us are compelled to listen for the echo and the reëcho of her call — listen through the corridor of years for her sweet voice.

What a wonderful woman my mother was! Her silvery voice was a song in my soul, and her prayers a string of pearls.

When God opened the gates of heaven and gave to the world my mother, it was His greatest agency for my good in after years. How well we remember this wonderful woman who hallowed our boyhood home!

Mother is the one, and the only one, who can divide her love with ten little children, and each child will still have all of her love. Can you describe such love?

Brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, man and wife estranged; father may turn his back on the boy; but mother's love

endures in face of the world's condemnation. Mother's love is that indescribable something that tugs at your heart when all other influences fail.

Quite recently I sent "The Silent Partner Scrap-book" to Mrs. Ann E. Whipple of Pittsburgh — his mother. I received soon after an acknowledgment which I consider remarkable — remarkable for its fine diction, its lofty appreciation of my intended tribute to a grand old mother.

The letter is beautiful in style and sentiment, and all too sacred for me to risk changing or leaving out a line. For this excellent and almost reverent reason I beg my readers to pardon the reprinting of any part that might seem praise for my pen. The grand old grandmother did not mean praise; it's a prayer:

"My dear Mr. Van Amburgh:

"I feel that I need no introduction to you. You have heard of me through my son, and I know of you through him, but especially through my perception of your character and personality as reflected in your splendid Essays, which, while appealing to the understanding, grip one's emotional nature with such charm and force.

"In acknowledging your many complimentary references to me in the correspondence between you and my son, and especially in ac-

knowledging the autographed copy of the beautiful book, I am not unmindful that my personality figures only indirectly; that the compliment is primarily to my son and to Old Age, Womanhood and Motherhood, and for this reason I am doubly appreciative.

"Even a small soul can apply its regard to an appreciative friend or acquaintance, but only big souls grasp the ideals as applying to Motherhood in the abstract.

"Mr. Van Amburgh, you have been endowed with the talent and spiritual force to do a noble and greatly needed work, and you are doing it in a most effective manner.

"May our dear Father continue to enrich your soul, and commission you to do His work for many more years!

"I am a very old woman — past fourscore years; but my heart is still young, and my interest in life and friends still active.

"I understand that you sometimes visit Pittsburgh, and if your business is not too pressing, when you next come this way, we trust you may find rest and relaxation by honoring us in making our home your home while in our midst."

After a long and beautiful life, and while sitting in the sunshine, sweet and calm, at the age of eighty-odd, a dear old mother proves her continuing "interest in life and friends" by inditing the above epistolary classic; and

to be the recipient of such an appreciative pen-written letter is not to have lived and worked in vain.

And now let us send this message on an endless errand to all men.

I doubt if the angels in heaven take much interest in the flattering epitaphs of tombstones, but I do know that the work-knotted hands, the faded old lips, the silver hair make the handsomest picture on earth.

You, friend reader, are a member of some organization, perhaps some store, some place of business; and I would suggest that you go home tonight and bring down from the attic the old armchair that knew the lullabies of your baby days.

Go find this throne and place your dear old mother in it as queen.

Go put your big, strong arms about her shrunken shoulders and kiss her till the bells in your soul improvise some matchless hymn of devotion that only a love for mother can inspire.

Do this for me, and when the silent cortège bears her sacred dust to the grave, there will be a new sense of fellowship for other men, a higher and nobler appreciation of all women.

ENTHUSIASM AND EXPERIENCE

Brain service can be bought. Lip service can be hired. Physical service can be contracted for. But heart service is the kind you get when you pay in the coin of appreciation, kindness and consideration.

Service is the true basis of all good business, and until you get the heart-throbs of your organization working with you and not just for you, you lack one element that is of more importance than you perhaps think.

As long as you regard employment as work, just so long will you continue to work.

IF my life depended on giving a practical, successful answer to this question: "What is the chief cause of most failures?" my answer would be this: The lack of enthusiasm and of intelligent work.

Many men work harder on their schemes to get out of work than they do on their plans to get through with their work.

Until you are so filled with the enthusiasm of wanting to accomplish some one thing above all other things, you will regard any effort in business as work.

Work is what is paid for by the hour. It may be a machine, a man, or a mule.

Enthusiastic effort is what produces more than the average person expects to pay for. It is the man who uses his present job as a medium for securing a better position who calls work "singing."

The only way you can get up is to wake up, and then work up.

My advice to you is to accept your present pay as a help to get higher. If your pay is small, do not whine or kick. Resolve to work out of the unsatisfactory position which you occupy. You cannot kick yourself out. I believe the biggest single idea in individual success or in industry is the one word "work." Any other idea will not work unless you work.

Craft, skill, expertness, are all the tin stars that are pinned on you after you pass a certain mark, and they are all essential emblems of energy that a man must wear to prove to some people that he has, in the past, been willing to work.

Education is the pasteboard that will admit you to the game. Work is the rain-check that will allow you to come back on the grounds after the storm.

Every day dozens of young men write me and ask me how to win, and I take each letter and write across it in red ink and in a bold hand this one word: "Work." At first they are disappointed, and finally they understand.

OUT WEST

Hang a mirror near the door where they come in in the morning. Hang it so that each and every member of the organization will get a good look at himself or herself before entering his or her respective department.

Then put in a conspicuous place this sign, "Smile!"

It is a pretty mean man, it is anything but a pretty woman, who will not smile at himself or herself — smile back in the mirror.

After your face is cracked, after the corners of your mouth curve up, things seem to go better. Always remember that folks meet you as you greet them.

Down deep in my heart is an affection that flows in its alpine torrents back to dear old Colorado, where the rainbow never fades.

THE tongue has tried to describe, the pen has tried to depict, the brush has tried to portray the wondrous West — the out-in-the-open empire where they rear matchless men. Out in this young world, the steed of steel has opened up new trails to the greatest opportunities offered in the whole world. This West is the excuse for American adjectives. The worth-while things that you expect out West are all there — plus a lot more. Humans are big, bronzed Kohinoors. Opportunities knock. People boost. The tide is with you in the West.

From what corner do we hear the cry of the humans that are hungry and hurt?

The seven seas show the waterway to all the world, but it was our phantom ships of the pioneer days, adrift in the grass-grown trails, that made these latter-day ocean boats possible.

It is our West that has made our East.

We are told and retold the stories about the fathers and mothers and maidens of the "Mayflower"; but who has pictured the land-launched schooner 'mid the mayflowers of the West, moving so slowly toward hushed foothills, creeping into hidden valleys?

Look at that ribbed roof of canvas that covered what the pioneer called home. See under the seat a plow, a sickle and a bag of seed. Look at the young wife with the babe at her breast. See the book and the gun. Think of the perils of a wild, unknown trail, and then ask yourself this question, Would the descendants of such supermen, such wonderful women, be worth while?

These hopeful souls are holding up two hungry hemispheres with their harvests. For their readiness to forget the wormwood of yesterday, for their doing things today, for their dreams ahead, we owe our eminent position of international importance.

SLEEP

In moments of solitude we frequently hold a reverie-review. We mentally go over each link in the chain of friendship, and how it helps!

Men who do not sleep nights dream days.

YEARS ago they were wont to say that the apportionment of six hours' sleep to a man, seven hours' sleep to a woman and eight hours' sleep to a fool was about right.

There can be no set rules for regulating sleep. The amount of sleep you require depends on the kind of work you have to do.

There is one thing sure, however: If you fail to sleep enough you will fail to work enough.

If there is a hell on earth it's located in a sleepless chamber. If there is a bottomless pit of punishment this side of the river Styx, it's insomnia. If you want to see the fallen angels, watch the ghostlike figures as they dance before your tortured mind at midnight. Mephistopheles, Moloch, Shedim, Titan, had nothing on the ghoul that invented insomnia. Of all the dim, dark, unknown alleys; of all the haunted, hated halls on earth, it's the bedroom filled with the bugs of wakefulness.

Sleep! — the only sedative man takes for success.

And what is success? It is the answer to some superior way. I am speaking now of permanent success. There is no other success.

The world is crowded with able men, ambitious humans, who are exercising every faculty, exerting all their efficiency, to step ahead of you. And here is the personal application: Do you sleep enough? Of course you don't.

Do you come to the store, the plant, the office, in the morning feeling fine, or do you drag in with an excuse on your tongue?

Believe me, my boy, the spirits of the wise look down out of the night sky and smile at you when you try to cheat nature.

What you need, young man, more than all else, is sleep. Your success must come through your mental efforts; and a few hours of absolute forgetfulness, and you will bring to the office the next day a quality of brains and a quantity of energy that the boss is willing to pay more for.

Wake up!

MOTHER

It was not what your mother said in her prayer at parting. It is not the grace of the language in her old letters. It is the affectionate response in your own heart that often makes you a man when all other influences fail.

Did you steal away from your friends in the night and go to her grave?

DID you go back during the summer to the little old town where you lived when a boy? And did you softly open the old iron gate and wend your way to the mound of your mother's grave?

Did you sit by this grave so dear, so far from the false parade?

Did the soft summer breezes sing through the lone pine a sad requiem?

And as you quietly closed the old iron gate again, did your hand cling to the rusty latch while you tried to see through tears — tears from a heart that had older grown; tears that told of emotions that tugged at your very soul?

The most beautifully imagined, the most exquisitely expressed sentiment — nothing that I can conceive can compare with the memory of my mother's motionless marble hands — hands that once held my heart in their hol-

low; hands that once bathed my fevered brow; hands that sent hope to me when all else had fled; hands that pointed to heaven while she prayed so earnestly, so devoutly for me when I needed more than earth's mercy.

Mothers never die. They live in our memory while they rest under the violet mound.

CARELESSNESS

The man who lives in the wilderness without friends has a conscience that is as clear as mud, has habits that are as pure as those of a polecat. To him, friends are but a galaxy of "good things" to "work."

Careless people seldom have anything to give to make good for their brainsick mistakes; so you see how explosive, how expensive, they are.

THE careless, want-of-thought individual, the heedless human, is the known unknown quantity in the organization. The non-observer, the dull disregarder, the inconsiderate member of the Muddle Club, the chairman of the Careless Committee, costs a corporation his mistakes and the mistakes he causes others to make. And then, see the room he takes up.

These preoccupied, brown-study, deep-musing men are always doing something to upset success. In one year these careless, unreliable misprints cost this country three hundred million dollars and no telling how many lives — more lives than the wars of the world, up to date.

These respectless, listless, hairbrained boobs bring sickness, death and degradation. They take everything and give nothing in their costly scheme of carelessness.

Careless people are always napping at noon, and the worst of it all is, their eyes are open, and somehow you expect them to keep away from the buzz-saw.

They will gloss over and putty up thoughts to fool you. They blink and wink at work.

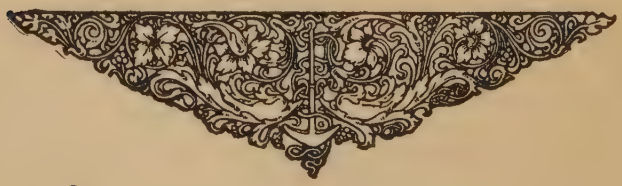
The careless loom up on locomotives and on ledgers. They are found in factories and supported in stores.

The trance, the coma that steals over the careless proves a plague in the midst of prosperity.

You can watch the dishonest, guide the ignorant, coax or drive the lazy; but the careless man is the lukewarm loon that looks like a man, walks like a man, but he "ain't."

Every organization has the individual who "didn't mean to do it"—has the slob who "didn't think," and says so after he costs the company a lot of money, and perhaps a life or two.

Carelessness is a crime. Caution is a virtue that will find its reward in greater responsibility and more pay.



FEAR

The vegetarian's idea of platonic affection is the cabbage growing old gracefully by the side of a cucumber vine and never once letting his clinging neighbor turn his head.

The common enemy of us all is worry. Most persons are alive with the microbes of fear and worry.

FEAR kills. It more than kills: it leaves the ghost of a man here to get in the way of others — frighten others.

Fear has killed thousands of men, tormented more millions, burned alive countless numbers. Fear deadens your will, squanders all possible success, cramps you into a coffin here on earth — makes a mummy of a man. Fear upsets your reason, breaks the contact in business.

Years ago man failed to understand so many things. Years ago man saw in the wind, the wave, the thunder, the earthquake, an enemy. Literature taught men to fear; governments compelled men to fear; and religions hinged the hope of heaven on fear.

Fear can wreck a business or ruin a name. It is the thief that lurks in a man's conscience. It is the most destructive contagion, and more prevalent than most of us think.

What have you to fear? You can do what

millions of other men have done, and perhaps more; but you will never do this until you throw fear overboard. You're a much bigger man than you think you are, and for the proof of this statement start out now, forget your fear instincts and work for all you're worth. You will win.

The cruel furrows in your face, the gray hairs, the uncertain hand, the slow step, the things that seem to hold you back, are all the results of the things you have worried over. And few of the things that you have worried over have ever actually arrived.

We would all be happier and healthier if we could but rid ourselves of these mental and physical pains that we bring about by expecting trouble.

These phantom monsters of worry, these harassing and haunting ghosts that disappear when we confidently tackle them, these persecuting parasites, have linked more lives with failure than we think.

Solicitude, care, anxiety, interest, are sources of much concern; but I refer to the reign of terror — worry. It is the nightmare at noon and the misery at midnight.

Most men let this disease put them in purgatory. They get lost and stranded over something that cannot come true. The vexatious plague that we look for, the aggravating,

irritating things we expect, seldom show up. It is the unexpected that puts a lump over our left eye.

All the repellent, repulsive, abhorrent, hideous things that have cast their shadows over my path I have found, when they were overtaken, or when passed by, to be harmless old hulks, big black stumps, or some human coward who would slink in a muskrat hole at the first shot.

Loyalty is deference to discipline, devotion to organization, allegiance to associates. Disloyalty is rebellion, revolt, mutiny, treason.

Loyalty makes a man a superman. He can do the kind of work that counts.

Loyalty to the foreman does not mean playing second fiddle. It proves that you can be a leader when the leader is sick. Some violin!

The impatient, insubordinate individual is of no value anywhere, at any time.

STOP FOOLING YOURSELF

Sentiment is the summit of an ideal life. When we do not look for reward in another world, sentiment means more than all else.

Do you want help? If you do, the best way to get it is to help yourself.

STOP fooling yourself, for you are the only one who is being fooled. The fool who fools himself thinks he is fooling others. If you are a failure, if you are not on the right track, not making good, remember, a bluff will not make up for your lack of efficiency, for your failure to get results.

Do not try to veneer, polish, or cover up your faults. Drag them all out before you, and come to a full stop — to a realization of what a dismal, complete failure you are. And when you do this, you are at the bottom. You cannot fall any lower.

And when you get your feet on the bottom, start climbing. But be sure you hit bottom before you start.

This talk between men of great friendship in business, this "con" conversation about what each would like to do for the other, is a sympathy session,— convened at an hour

when the heart is weak, when each is feeling sorry for the other.

And there is no time in the world when two men need a bigger boost (with a boot) than when they sit down to sympathize with each other.

These trouble-telling sessions usually have for their impelling motive the desire to get out of the other fellow that which a person does not expect to give.

It is building a fire of hope under a boiler that has a lot of leaky flues.

The moral maxim of La Rochefoucauld asserts that friendship is an exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always expects to gain something.

Now, do not mistake my meaning. I have friends, and I value them; but when I want help I start out with a full determination to help myself; and the result is, my friends turn in and help me. Whenever I lean over on some fellow and look to him to do something for me, I fall as flat as a pancake. Why should friends be expected to help those who will not help themselves?

You are in your present position because it is where you belong. No, don't expect an invalid aunt to make a success of you. The money that is left you will handicap you,

and not help you. If you can't make money yourself, you certainly can't keep money that other people have made. This is a horse-medicine dose, but take it; it's good for you. The biggest job you have on hand is — you. If you can say "I've lost," and continue to grin; if you have plenty of enthusiasm, integrity, determination, a good appearance, and a special knowledge of your business, have no fear of future results.

If your clothes are shabby and your linen soiled, remember that the world should not judge you by the clothes you wear, but that it almost always does. If what you have to say on a subject is no better than silence, be silent. The fact that you are little known is comparatively unimportant; the important fact is, are you worth knowing? If you are looking to be slighted, you will find plenty of chances to be miserable.

If you look at the woods, at the stars, at the ocean, and fail to understand, just trust the Creator for the balance of your knowledge.

Sit down alone, old chap, old top, old friend, and analyze yourself. I take this medicine myself. Find out your own faults. Be critical, be harsh, with yourself. Ask yourself these questions: Am I lazy? Do I drink to excess? Am I too extravagant? Have I an

expensive, explosive temper? What in the world is the matter with me, anyway?

Now, don't try to gloss over your faults, but show them up; be square with yourself. This self-analysis may make you blush, but it's better to "blush unseen," like the rose, than go stand out in society tagged a "successful failure."

CHRISTMAS

The loftiest interpretation of sentiment is invariably the truest.

The man who is sentimental is more normally human.

Shakespeare always achieved his end by the aid of a subterfuge. He recognized that a character could not seem human and probable on the stage unless it were made true to real life, and therefore Shakespeare unsettled the reason of his characters when he would let loose the floodgates of sentiment.

In the drama, in the comedy, in the tragedy of life, the greater men, the greater characters, are sentimental, though they dare not speak their lines above a whisper, lest the world call them mad.

Beautiful dream of the things that were.

CHRISTMAS is the season when I would talk to you by the side of the road. It's the time of the big, red, spotless apple, the salted snow-white popcorn, sweet cider, doughnuts, pumpkin pie, and the warm fireplace.

Christmas is the time when mellow memories paint the hills of yesterday with that beautiful glow we failed to see at sunset today.

Christmas is the hour when the sharp-snapping sparks from the big back-log startle us into the full meaning of life. It's the end of a day, and perhaps near the end of a life. Who knows?

What a wonderful shrine to worship at — heartache!

A good heartache brings back the childhood scenes of long ago — the ice-pond, the long, steep hill, the sleighs, the skates; and we hear the jingle bells, and our hearts warm until

we see the roses and apple blossoms, and smell the sweet-scented clover.

Beautiful dream of the things that were.

In all the melodies of my memory, no sound can approach, for real gladness, the chimes on the thills of Dad's old cutter, on Christmas night, nigh unto forty years ago.

Mother, Dad and "me" were going over on Pigeon Hill, to a Christmas tree; and right down under the buffalo robe was a mysterious package that worked on my imagination until Pigeon Hill seemed miles and miles away.

And when that package on the Christmas tree was "called off" to me, what do you suppose it was? Mittens, handmade woolen socks, a skunkskin cap, colored popcorn balls, a bag of peanuts, and more mittens and socks. These gifts of long ago remind a man to set his own little watch, at Christmas time, by the great clock of humanity. It causes a fellow to forget what the world owes him, and reminds him that he owes much to his grandparents for giving him such a dear old daddy and such a wonderful mother.

GRAFT

When some one sings "In the Gloaming," how old memories cluster! When you hear "The Rosary," what a heart-achy feeling comes stealing over you! Should some sweet singer touch the tender chords of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," how filled with wholesome sentiment the world would seem!

These dripping sweet songs of long ago bring back the dearest memories, and we of the older class are richer for once having had these songs in our souls — richer for having these sweet old songs anchored in our hearts, and for being able to interpret clearly their true meaning.

It is to be regretted that space here will not allow the painting of a larger canvas.

TO my mind, "graft" is the sale of anything that you do not own.

No man can "graft," no one can get money without earning it, unless some one else earns money without getting it.

"Graft" is delivering your boss, your employer, into the hands of unfair competition.

"Graft" will hurry a man into the mistake of trying to be happy with a conscience that will not sleep. It is a distemper, a frenzy, a consuming fever.

"Graft" is the rust that weakens the chain of confidence. It is a confidence game.

In this article I am not trying to outline a theological plan, or build a platform of moral principles. I am going to try to show that "graft" is the surest and safest way to individual failure.

If you are retained or employed by, or are associated with, some one else, your biggest

individual asset to yourself and to some one else is your reliability.

The whole world is littered with men of marked ability who have failed.

"Graft" is the arbitrary tax the "trusted" employee puts on the seller, before he, the seller, can hope to get a favorable hearing with the buyer.

Do away with "graft," and you can compel men to compete in a way that is endlessly interesting and perpetually useful in the mastery of art — in the survival of the best in business.

Ten years ago we recovered from a municipal, state and nation "graft" epidemic. I am told by clear-thinking men that there is a contagion even today among a certain class, each of whom always wants to know, "What is there in it for me?"

It is not my hope here to establish a code of moral ethics. This volume is not a spiritual messenger. The age-long conflict between right and wrong will go right along. The ground-swell of "graft," the undertow of bribery, will continue to drag men down.

I'm not trying to reform any one, but I do want to impress upon the young man's mind the tremendous importance of individual reliability.

A PICTURE

Believe me, friend reader, the universe pays a man with the coin of his own conscience.

When a fellow, big or little, goes into the dark alleys of the poor and picks out some sad, hungry soul, and whispers a word of courage, loans a helping hand, you will find, if you look closely, that this man is always in excellent company, even when alone.

True happiness corresponds with almost mathematical accuracy to our ability to help humans up the hill.

Genuine happiness is a by-product of self-forgetful service to others.

When your pulse quickens at the sight of sadness, when your blood courses faster in the presence of want, when your heart softens out of sympathy, you are a safe man to accompany.

No man can repay the love that is lavished by a mother.

HEN a mother holds to her breast her babe, you have a picture of God-given love. The materialization of a part of a mother's life in the body and blood of her helpless babe, through whom a new soul sees light, spontaneously creates a love that never falters.

There is no task too difficult, no journey too long, for a mother to undertake for her child. The most hardened, vicious criminal is a harmless, lovable being in the sight of a mother.

It matters not if her son is waiting the electric chair, you will always find the mother pleading, and protesting his innocence, even ready to sacrifice self to save her son.

In success, her smiles illuminate the way, the home, the festivities. In failure, her tears fall like gentle showers on the parched lips of the lad she loves. In sickness, that touch of tenderness, that lingering pressure of the

hand, remains. At such times, a mother's face is the most beautiful vision in all the world.

The wealth of a mother's love is priceless. It does not perish; it cannot pass out.

Eternity will bear witness to this fact — that the very ashes of a sainted mother are forever sending their wireless messages to your soul.

If your mother still lives, live for her. Strew her last remaining days with the perfumed flowers of kindness. Your mother's brow may be wrinkled, her cheeks furrowed, and her hair thin and gray. But she is your mother, and if you are the right kind of man she will seem to you the most beautiful being on earth.

RACE HATRED

To get rid of the parasite in business, the time-serving, subservient flunky, and put in his place a willing, loyal, efficient man, is improving the organization. One decayed spot in an apple will soon spread. One parasite in a company will soon disqualify the whole force.

This country will never grow big, strong or prosperous by perpetuating race hatred.

NEXT Sunday, and on all succeeding Sundays, when Americans, who are the descendants of the Huguenot, the Catholic, the Cavalier, the Puritan, the Quaker, the Dutchman, the Jew, bow at the altar of God — when the sun of the heavens shines through the stained-glass windows, and when the petitions go up from the plain desks or the marble pulpits, I am sure the prayer will be for the righteousness, the security, the prosperity of this nation.

This commingling of all countries and of all creeds, under one emblem, has made us a people of dauntless courage and sublime virtue — a people notable for our willingness to work, common sense, and a raging thirst for right and for liberty.

The most contemptible, low-minded, degraded set of un-American citizens are those who appeal to race prejudice. Race animosity has converted French and Belgian streamlets

into rivers of blood. In England, in Scotland, in Ireland, men have been turned into life penitentiaries — into exile posts. The Turks and all the Orientals have had their race murders. White men have fried out the heart of the Negro. Indians have lashed the paleface to the wild horse of passion.

And all this is race prejudice — beasthood.

FRIENDSHIP AFTER BUSINESS

Selling is more than trading stock for silver certificates, material for money.
Selling is a part of the scheme of business. Almost any one can sell once, but selling so that you can create permanent customers is selling successfully.
One sale reduces itself to a confidence game, unless the buyer is perfectly satisfied.
Satisfaction sends the customer away with a smile that won't come off.
Satisfaction is the sense that remains long after the transaction is done.
Satisfaction brings a customer back as a regular buyer.
Satisfied customers are never quite satisfied; they always come back.

Would you expect to reap something that you did not sow?

FRIENDSHIP is the stoutest link in the chain of commercial life. Friendship does not signify that you "use" or that you misuse others. It involves the most magnificent conception of the right rules of getting on in business.

Friendship in business is too good to be believed by some men, and so is the truth of the immortality of the soul too sacred for these people fully to comprehend.

I know of business men with hermit souls who live in the palace of self-content, but the men who come first in my mind are those who rejoice that they live among men.

In this world that we are living in we shall need a friendly word at times, and a little lift at other times; and the best way to get these valuable human helps is to deserve them.

Do you mean to tell me that men generally will give you a kick for a kindness? You may

tell me this, but I shall then question the character, the make-up, of your circle of business acquaintances.

I do not consider it possible to wave the wand of reform over the under-world, the people of the lower mental strata, the men whose morals are in the mud. You cannot bring these poor wretches into the order of friendship with one kind act. But I do know from personal experience that you can gain hundreds of good friends in business by first proving to these friends that all you expect is what is fair and just to both.

Some men say there is no friendship in business. Bosh! The annals of the world are filled with the best proof that this statement is more than bosh.

What is the meaning of the word "help"? Certainly friends are not made to hinder!

But along with these observations I would impress you with this admonition: Always remember that it is necessary first to prove that you are a friend, before you can reasonably expect the friendship of others.

Friendship must be planted first by your own hand, nourished by your own heart; and if you have patience, if you are willing to wait until this friendship is strong, sturdy, you will gain something in this world that is worth while — friendship after business.

THE TRAIL WE WALK

If the hypocrites who live in the ambush of good society would only die bachelors, the world would be the better for it. If the felt-shoe footpad would only convert his courage into a legitimate calling, valuables and virtue would be safer.

But of all the words that have ever blotted paper, none can describe that degraded black devil of despair, the ingrate — he whose thankfulness has apoplexy, whose sense of appreciation is paralyzed, whose conscience is crippled. The implacable ingrate harrows up your soul. His natural home is with the slippery, slimy inhabitants of the barnyard bogs. The mere mention of the word "ingrate" leaves the tongue fetid.

Here you have two experiences by the side of the road.

STANDING in the shelter of a Sixth Avenue Elevated station and at the foot of the stairs was a woman, one of those emaciated, half-dressed, skeleton creatures that look so pinched and weak. In her arms she held a babe that was partly covered with a piece of old rag carpet.

Now, boys, I was satisfied, from the very first, that the woman was a panhandling pirate, a first-class faker, and not the mother of that starving babe.

But I just naturally slipped back six stairs and handed her a dime. This was all wrong, all wrong, they say. My gift was an encouragement of a crime against charity, and you know the greatest of these is charity.

But, fellows, you men out in the great open West — what would you have done? I'll answer. You pals would have pulled up, got

down out of the saddle, and given her a dollar. I gave her a dime only.

There was that pale-faced, blue-eyed, purple-fingered little lump of life, too small even to smile. There he was, tugging away at an empty milk bottle, on a cold, rainy spring morning.

Say, fellers, it's been years since I wore the red bandanna and the belt, but even today I'd rather be a common coyote out on the plains of western Kansas and there sit and howl at the cold moon, than ride in a Packard and miss some of the things on the trail we walk.

A few days later I had stepped from a street car, and had just turned the corner, when a woman, one of those motherly women about seventy or seventy-one, said in a low, sweet voice, "Good evening, sir."

I bowed, tipped my hat, and stopped to speak with the woman — this motherly woman. She stood close to the wall of a building. Her hair was shining silver, her eyes soft but strange. Her lips were white and pure. She was honestly handsome.

She did not attempt to walk, nor to speak again. Was she lame, for she leaned against the building? Was she ill? No, her face was animated. She was smiling, but there was a sadness through it all. I can't explain the look. She was respectable, I was sure; some-

body's mother, I was certain. I felt like saying to her, "Mother, what can I do for you?" She started to speak again, but her voice failed. Her soul apparently sank in shame. She was ——.

Intemperance has sent many messages to me, but this one experience telegraphed to my very soul something that will remain as long as life lasts.

The fellow who raises himself by the derrick of personal conceit, the fellow who pulls an empty train of thought, the fellow who believes the future is a finished product, the fellow who is a sixty-horsepower talker with a wheelbarrow of empty ideas, the fellow who is always burying the dead past and has a new story on the tragedy of today, the fellow who rides on the ebb tide of hope and who has a lot of sputterings to spill from his one-candle-power mind, is a good fellow to miss on the trail.

THE FAITHFUL FAILURE

Think clearly, act sincerely. Play square. Be fair. Hike after success. Hump yourself. Sweat, dig in, and deliver, and some day the boss will call you "partner."

Do all this for your own sake, and for the sake of those dependent upon you; and some day when you are looking for happiness, you will find it as close to you as the old woman's lost spectacles.

When the time comes for a man to go, he need have no illusion about his success with life: he has failed much.

ONE chisel might carve an epitaph for all men: "Here lies a man who tried hard, who meant well, but failed much." Life, after all, ends in failure, so far as life goes. Health fails, friends forget, business stops; or, the man's life is full of rewards — until the end. It is then that they will tenderly take his old bones into some quiet spot, where the violets grow, or the snow paths are shoveled, and the best that a chisel can hope to carve is: "Here lies a man who tried hard, who meant well, but failed much."

This will be the true epitaph that Time will etch for the faithful failure.

Not long ago I stood by the fresh sod over a faithful failure. The sun was setting, with its beautiful benediction on a perfect day. Later, the triumphant night, with all its train of stars, suggested — sleep.

On the petals of a faded rose I could see clinging the empty tenement of a once lowly worm. To me these two emblems of eternal life loaned a firmer belief in a Divine government that deals out justice to the faithful failure, irrespective of the judgment of man.

IN THE SAME BOAT

The cares and duties of a day are weights in the old clock of Time.
Remove these weights, and the hands will stop. The pendulum of business will no longer swing to and fro. The measurement of hours will halt.

There was little said on our way home that afternoon. There was little left to say.

ONE vacation day not long ago I sat on the center seat of an old flat-bottom scow. In the bow of the boat was a business man. In the stern sat a shiftless, slouchy son of "the man with the hoe."

There were three of us, one thinking, one blinking, one drinking — all fishing.

The time and the tide did not seem to favor any one of the three fishers. It was a condition where we were all "in the same boat."

The currentless water seemed dead and still. A gentle breeze moved the boat at will.

Life in all its wondrousness was being mirrored back to me from the smooth surface of that reflector stream. I had crossed the oars one o'er one, like the folded hands when life's work is done.

We were floating the length of an old rusty chain, when one of my companions said to me: "Say, you old scout, tell me how a man can know when to expect success."

"Yes," chimed in my cup-bearing friend, "tell us if you can, you old reasoner."

"Very well, I'll tell you." And I pointed to where the shadows are heavy the whole day through, where the water looked dark and deep and blue. And this is what I told them: "Look! Look intently at the individual you see in the water. One face you will observe is firm — the jaw square-set, the eye determined. In the other you will see feebleness, uncertainty. The man you see in the sluggish tide can tell you when to expect success."

HAPPINESS

Democracy is dignity clothed with common sense. One can be democratic without getting "thick," without getting out of place, without getting too familiar. It is not necessary for a manager to crown himself with cracked ice, or place a wreath of self-sufficiency on his brow. He can always be pleasant, and say "Good morning" with a smile. He can always do this without losing his dignity or his power to lead.

To live in a big way and be happy is to excel in some particular enterprise, and in the meantime be a real man.

THE world within is the life worth living. The world without is a bluff — that's all. Keep company with your conscience, and always hang on your face a smile.

To most men, Happy Valley lies just over the hill. Then, when you get to the summit of Success, and look down at Arcadia in the realm of bucolic content, some stranger, some agitator, some prospector for prosperity, lays down his prospecting pick and whispers in the ear of the man looking for happiness about the bigger mines just over the next range; and he, poor prospector for happiness, mistakes the mines of prosperity for the wealth of happiness. He rushes past present pleasures, crowds his way through the cross-streets of real comfort, struggles out into the suburbs of satisfaction, and then on and on, up and up, over the crags, past the narrow trails, un-

til he stands on the apex of the second range of success and views and reviews the valley below.

Then the greed for more gold that he thinks will bring happiness lures him on to the next gulch over the next hill — grips him, and he struggles, staggers, and finally falls on the foothills of Fate.

He has never known the happiness he struggled so hard to find — happiness that every man finds for himself and in himself.

True happiness for you does not lie on the other side of any mountain — until you reach the other side of the mountain; and then you will not find it there unless you have taken it with you.

Find what you can do best, then go about it and do it. Do it better than others. Deliver it ahead of others. And you will find supreme satisfaction. And this is a state that borders on happiness.

Not to hate, not to fear, not to envy, are three other states where your mind can rest.

VACATION TIME

In the marble halls of the rich stride the sons and daughters of men of money, all in their truce of night — silks and fancy vests. Life to them seems one perpetual holiday. Glasses, music, thin clouds of velvety smoke. Lovers and linguists. Good, bad, virtuous and vicious.

In the tenements, I find children sleeping, sewing, and fighting for life. Mothers sick, though working. Little food, small comforts, and little hope. Hungry, wasted, and worn.

These are the extremes, but I assure you they do not represent the general condition. They serve, however, to furnish the headlines for the excitable, emotional, temperamental writers.

We have millions of men and women who are happy, successful, and satisfied that this is a land of special advantages.

Are you a human phonograph, capable of giving forth only what some one else has talked into you?

THIS is the season when the average man takes the low fences, swings in the hammock of indifference, and sleeps in the shade of the beautiful confidence that he will do wonderful things when he returns to work — that he will conquer new worlds a little later.

This is an exceptionally good time, while you have the time, to take an individual inventory, to find out your own faults.

While all of us must concede that optimism is the best bayonet in a business charge, that true optimism is much more than a continuous performance of hope, we must always understand that the individual must also have with him more than mere optimism.

While we are all willing to acknowledge the special value of syndicating sunlight, while we know from experience that true optimism is

bigger than a single defeat, all of us know that this optimism of ours has sung its Lorelei song until some of us have gone to sleep in the smug harbor of hope — just hope.

While you are resting on your vacation, while you have the time, it's a good plan to take a long look at yourself. Answer these questions: Are you a mechanical music box, limited to so many records? Are you a carbon copy of a real result-getter — one of the cripples in the organization, with your mind in a strait-jacket? Are you an ordinary flat car, with a flat wheel, set out on the siding with your capacity mark crossed off?

Or, are you the self-inspired, self-directed, self-starting modern man?

IT TAKES COURAGE

The lily, in its short-lived charm of ivory whiteness, is but a symbol of human frailty; and when we see this long-stemmed queen of the valley covered with the tears of dawn, reflecting its beauties back into the brook, we can see more: we can see it carries repentance in its bosom.

It takes courage while the storm is on.

NOT long ago, one September day, when the curtain of night hung low, I stood on the shore of Old Ocean. The wind was coming in — in with one succession of cold currents. There was a light through the horizon, just enough to show a mountain of high waves, and I rushed to the beach in curious, childish eagerness.

Suddenly a wave, several times higher than all others, came in its onward rush toward me like some monster, to uncoil itself, in all its crushing madness, at my feet.

Out from the distant deep this gigantic wave rose and made its way in a tremendous, terrible, deafening roar toward me. My heart almost stopped beating until the fury of this fierce power wasted itself in a last little ripple on the sands of the shore.

In life, all of us experience some storm, stand in the very presence of some great wave,

which at first threatens to take us back in its undertow.

But did you ever notice that these great waves soon spend their fury — that the storm usually ends in one limpid, breathless, cloudless day?

It takes courage while the storm is on.

And you know, courage is the evidence of faith.

Men who win have faith at the turning point. It requires grit to stick when other men mutiny.

Remember, there is no permanent failure until you no longer try. Weakness of purpose is the preface of failure. The tide must go clear out before it can come back in again. Many men struggle against the tide until almost the last moment before it turns. Then, while near low-water mark, they stop, and as surely sink from sight.

HIGHBROW

There are a few lazy, indolent, idle, languor-loving men in America. The sedative suckers are almost all downstream. The lackadaisical, torpid, lumpish men will walk cross-lots for five miles to get around a real job.

The balmy, dreamy, hypnotic humans, the drowsy dubs who fail to find in work an inspiration to want to do more — these men are not lazy: they are just naturally no good.

These slumbering, lumbering dreamers who live in the Castle of Indolence are the lotus-eating slobs who get in the way of others in an organization.

You can hear them out in the hall whistling lullabies, or lovesick songs, when it's work you want. With their minds on tango tunes, they pretend to do what you want them to do, but they don't.

These humans are not lazy: they are lumps of misdirected energy. They will hang back, lag and linger around, and stampede the whole organization. It's too late to make these men over again, but never too early to fire them.

And still we dream our puny dreams of our limited possibilities.

THE elevated epigrams, the lofty logic of the tall-timber writers miss the mark. The distinguished, dignified, far-advanced thinkers ring the bell in the bull's-eye of some distant star; but to my mind it is far better to come down to earth, hitch all this ambition to a dirt wagon and help fill in some of the sinkholes where we poor humans have to travel.

Profound philosophy is for the professors. My simple thoughts are for common folks who are willing to mix a lot of work in their plans to win.

The secret of big men's successes, the open-Sesame to wealth, can be found along the same narrow pathway as that which you daily tread. The successful men are on this earth, and so are you.

In the days of Homer the demigods, the

marvelous individuals, mingled with mortals on the plains of Troy.

Today we watch the men of millions and stand almost benumbed by their business success; yet these men live in the same world as we, with the same sealed opportunities.

Speculation, chance, fate, pot-luck, some game of cup-tossing, may have brought to these money men, position, fame, or what we call success; but the same absence of purpose, the same fluke, turf-trick, or blind bargain, can lower them again to their first level, and probably will.

The worm that a poor man baits his hook with may have just eaten the flesh of a king, but this does not improve the flavor of the fish.

Riches are not resources: they are added responsibilities. Wealth is a thing that you have and hold in your heart. Position is a point on the end of a slippery plank.

If you have a palpitating void, a consuming desire to be as big as the boss, to be president of the company, to be manager of your organization, it is absolutely necessary for you to come down to earth and begin on a solid foundation—begin with a willingness to work.

TOMORROW

In the desolation of the desert, on the great stretches of sand, they piled the grim shape of the pyramids.
And as you take your last look at these man-made monuments to the dead empire of Egypt, your mind quickens, and a feeling of sadness sends its message to your spiritual side. You realize that the pyramids will remain; that you must go on — on.

Tomorrow is a season that most men depend on, but today is the hour they live on.

THE word "tomorrow" to most men means the remote future. It is not a measure of time to them; it is an expression that frames an excuse.

Tomorrow is the hereafter of all hope. Tomorrow is the refrain in the chorus of the failure-fellows. We all remember the little girl who awakened in the night and wanted to see Tomorrow.

Contrast this thought with that of the unwilling clerks, the business associates who come to the store, the shop, the office, and yawn and say, "I hope business won't be so heavy today, for I'm tired."

What a disloyal, disinterested, disgraceful statement to make, when the owners are struggling so hard for success! What a damnable idea!

Tomorrow is a by-product of the present. Tomorrow is the day when you propose to start that bank account, take out that life in-

surance, fit yourself for a higher position — change your course.

But some day you will awaken suddenly, Mr. Man, to this situation; it will be your last chance, and you will, from force of habit, inquire, "Is this tomorrow?" Fate will reply, "No, you big, whimpering idiot, this is today!" And then the door of opportunity will slam shut in your face.

THINK THIS OVER

To remember a woman's birthday and forget her age requires cleverness.

Until your mind and your body are on fire with the eagerness to want to do, you will remain a common, ordinary man — that's all.

SUCCESS is at the other end of the line. Failure is always close at hand. Think this over. Failure you can experience without effort. Success requires courage, training and hard work.

One is worse than worthless. The other is very valuable.

Your life is an individual affair. It is your own. You may make a success out of it, or a failure out of it. Suit yourself.

But there is hardly a limit to your possible achievement provided you will plug along and work for all you are worth.

Success is its strongest support in success. Work is never work when you are willing.

You are a much bigger man than you think you are. Your greatest fault is that you probably don't think so. Few men with bumpitis will read this, but there's little chance to save them anyway.

My advice to you is to build a big fire under your boiler of self-confidence.

When blind men, sick men, boys and girls, and even physically weak women, win, in a big way in this world, why not you?

When you feel that you are a partial failure, you are on safe ground. When you are satisfied with yourself, you are on the bogs. A certain amount of self-dissatisfaction is a good tonic. If you are ambitious, you will never be satisfied with what you do or how you do it.

When you get to the point of thinking you are a smarter man than those around you, call in a brain specialist and have him treat you for the intellectual infirmity known as going-crazy-about-yourself.

COÖPERATION

When he passes at the foot of the mountain the camel knows himself. Would that more men could walk at the base of the hill! They would get higher humps on themselves.
Do not mistake a bump for a hump.

Coöperation between capital and labor should take its place alongside of the knowledge of chemistry, physics and the other factors in industry.

THE shoulder-to-shoulder idea of individuals is what puts the punch in any enterprise. The stroke which is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, is the stroke of success. But you cannot call for allegiance, for coöperation, until you treat your employees equitably, fair, right. Neither can employees expect the spirit of support from their management until they first prove their worth.

Unfortunately, many men fail to " first " prove their willingness to prove their worth.

Coöperation is not cringing, crouching, crawling. Loyalty is not licking the boots of the boss. Allegiance is not doing fetch-and-carry work.

Coöperation is nothing more, nothing less, than discipline, preparation, a rehearsal for responsibility.

Coöperation hatches humans for higher positions. Coöperation is the scaffolding of stability, the stepping-stone to management, the foundation for financial permanence.

Coöperation is the warming-pan of prosperity. It clears the decks for effective action, and sends such a shock into competition as to make the big ship rock and roll and start her pumps.

Coöperation sends an organization into the battle for business booted and spurred.

Coöperation is a corporation, is a company, is an organization.

Individuals are the instruments of big business, each being fitted for the most exacting work, and all working in perfect harmony. Worlds, planets, keep their course — coöperate. Atoms coöperate and build worlds.

Napoleon lost through the loss of coöperation. Many business men meet their Waterloo this way.

Business can be no bigger than the men who coöperate to make it.

The man who fails to coöperate should be promptly shelved, and so leave room behind the counter, on the road, in the office, for a man who appreciates the tremendous worth of the word "coöperation."

The attitude men take toward business is of more moment than the muscle they expend.

And the attitude of the mind is governed by self-interest.

This is human law.

All the bunk of fair promises, all the tyranny of threats, all discipline, all diplomacy, can never take the place of the dollar, that is as dear to the heart of the workingman as it is essential to the life of the money man.

You cannot bulldoze or browbeat, coax or cajole service.

Man's motive for work is pay, which affords him means to shelter, to clothe and to feed. The laboring man works to protect himself and his family from want, and until this instinct for self-preservation is satisfied, all the other requirements must needs wait.

Business is a battle, and if your army is made up of drafted men you will go down to defeat.

If it is made up of volunteers, you will go up to victory.

Make your appeal to the best side of a man. Such an appeal will find its way to his mind and heart. When you try to govern your associates, your help, by force, you fail in the long run. Loyal, willing help is coöperation, and this coöperation counts more than extra cash in the envelope of an employee who is working for you but not with you.

The days of working merely to secure means

to prevent hunger and poverty have passed. Labor works for more than wages. It works to advance in the estimation of the employer, and to save from the reward enough to bring comfort to the home and advantages to the coming generation. And what an American privilege this is!

Capital is compelled to rely on the intelligent coöperation of labor. The old-school discipline in business that was brutal will not work now.

The type of boss with a ready fist and a hot foot, the profane slavedriver, is on the calendars out of use.

Employers are experimenting in many ways to make work pleasurable, and labor is acknowledging this effort by being more efficient with even less exhaustion.

We can all get the maximum results out of machinery, but to get the best out of men is more important. Efficient labor means more pay for the men and more profit for the management.

WHITE SAILS

Life is either up or down. Either onward or backward. Life cannot stand still. Man never rises higher than the level of his mind — never.

O Distance! you dear old enchantress! You show us the white sunlit sails at sea, but in the harbor they look grim and gray.

IN the charm of distance I can see, in my mind's eye, the little district schoolhouse, where I whittled the desk, where I whispered without permission, where I spelled down, where I stayed in at recess, where I sat and burned my cowhide boots on the base-burner stove while trying to memorize some simple story of the Revolution.

I can see the snow as it sifts under the entrance door and drifts in little piles on the wide-cracked floor.

And in summer, in memory's hall a picture hangs of the same little home of learnin'— a picture with all its beautiful gilding of golden, olden days.

I can see this little schoolhouse just as plain! There before it is the seldom-traveled road that forked with the main thoroughfare to town — the road with its green grass center

that the cows kept cropped. There is the meadow just back of the little school, full of daisies, wild flowers and wild strawberries; and I can almost hear the hum of the honey-bees as they steal the sweets from the flowers that grow in that old stump fence.

I can almost recall the day-dreams of my happy boyhood.

What would men in their prime do, were it not for the dreams ahead?

What would men do in their ceaseless fight, were it not for the dreams behind?

How beautiful it is to be able to live by the inspiration of the past, and the hope of the future!

How common it is for humans to let the little things of life mar the majesty of the present!

If the past was beautiful, if the future is hopeful, why should we not appreciate the present?

Lady Baden-Powell.
Lw.
Book.

Oct. 24, 1918.

F.D.

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